

Newsey Sportlets

YESTERDAY'S GAME.
It is easy enough to be joyous. When the home club is walking through—
But the fan who's worth while is the "bug" who can smile. When the Bears lead 7 to 2.

Jack Dempsey needs sparring partners at his Saratoga Springs training camp. Chance for some of these heavy-weight fighters to pick up some loose silver dollars.

Dr. M. P. Lawler, trainer of University of Missouri athletic teams for three years, will leave Columbia, Mo., Sunday for Lafayette, Ind., where he will become trainer of the Purdue football team.

Let's see! What was the name of the fellow who stayed 15 rounds with Dempsey on the Fourth?

The Omaha whist team of four, composed of A. Dreyfous, M. Cook, B. J. Scannell and Dr. Ellis, won the main event, the Omaha trophy, at the whist meet played at Clear Lake, Ia. Boston finished second and Minneapolis third.

Miss Mayme McDonald, tennis star, has been appointed instructor in physical education in the University of New Hampshire.

Phil Ball, owner of the St. Louis Browns, is said to have been offered \$750,000 for the franchise.

Bob Quinn is having success even thus early at Boston and the new owner and president of the Red Sox is said to be immensely popular in the Hub.

Cy sez:
"The fact that the seven other clubs in the Western league continue to play the schedule out just goes to show what an optimistic old world this is after all."

The recently organized Central Nebraska Golf association will hold their first tournament over the Kearney course starting September 3.

The St. Paul (Neb.) Golf club is making preparations for their annual club tournament, which will be held in the near future.

Battling Siki has gone into the films. His first starring vehicle will be entitled "Absinthe Makes the Head Grow Softer."

Of the four Omaha trap shots who competed in the annual grand American tournament at Chicago this week, Ray C. Kingsley is the only Omahan who registered a good score. Kingsley broke 194 out of a possible 200 rocks.

Entries for the American Legion golf tournament will close with Harry Hough, Douglas County post adjutant, Saturday. Play in the first round is scheduled to start Monday.

Firpo has nothing but a punch, say the experts. And Ford has nothing but flippers.

The St. Paul (Neb.) American Legion Ball club journeyed to Coysfield and defeated the latter club by the score of 5 to 4.

Construction work on a polo field at Ak-Sar-Ben will start soon after the annual fall festival race meeting. It was announced this morning.

Motto for the speed-runk motorists: "The Public Be Kammed!"

The first meeting of the Omaha Athletic Officials' association will be held at the Omaha Chamber of Commerce Monday evening, September 10. The object of the association is to provide good officials for football games in this state.

The rouge box covers a multitude of Hens, you might almost say.

The first squad of Creighton university football players will report to Coach Chet Wynne on Monday, September 10.

At the present time Coach Chet Wynne is attending the school for coaches at Notre Dame, conducted by Coach Knute Rockne.

Damon Runyon's Column

SARATOGA SPRINGS, N. Y., Aug. 24.—Sparring partners for heavy-weight fighters in training are reported scarce.

Dempsey is searching for men. Firpo, at Atlantic City, is starting his training with a slender staff, three light-heavyweights.

Dempsey has only one heavy-weight sparring mate left. This is George Godfrey, solemn black giant from Leipsville. Jack Burke, who survived the training siege at Great Falls, in a light-heavyweight. Dempsey has been working with bantams and lightweights.

Both Dempsey and Firpo must have more sparring partners to enable them to do their training according to orthodox methods.

It is easy to explain the shortage in the sparring partner market. Almost any big man who knows

There Are Some Exceptional Offers in The Bee "Want" Ads Today
AT lantic 1000

how to put up his hands, who merely calls himself a fighter, can make more money in ring engagements than he could hope to earn serving as a sparring partner. He can get as much for one fight as he could get in a week, perhaps in a month, as a sparring partner. In that one fight he would take less punishment than he might take in an afternoon's work against a heavy hitter such as Dempsey or Firpo.

Old time managers held the theory that it was great experience for a young fighter to work as sparring partner to a champion.

They held that this work enabled the young fighter to learn from the champion how to fight, that it gave him confidence he could not acquire in any other way.

The fact that James J. Jeffries was one of James J. Corbett's sparring partners is often cited as proof of the old theory. Kid McCoy, who has a brother living in Saratoga, was one of Tommy Ryan's training mates when Ryan was king of the middleweight division.

Jeffries won the heavyweight title after graduating from Corbett's camp. McCoy later defeated his old employer. But Jeffries and McCoy were rare exceptions. It is doubtful if 50 per cent of their ability traced back to their training camp experience.

Modern managers have discarded the old theory.

Most of them think it is harmful to a young fighter to work as a sparring partner, especially with such a thorough worker as Dempsey.

Dempsey, a free hitter with both hands, cannot "pull" punches to any great extent in training. He uses big gloves, and is as considerate with his training mates as possible, but he does not have the faculty of dropping his punches in softly.

As a result his sparring partners must be able to take good care of themselves, must know how to keep out of harm's way. George Godfrey, a most skillful boxer, is about as immune to punishment as any man that ever hopped into a gymnasium, yet Dempsey hurt Godfrey with body punches at Great Falls so badly that George had to lay off a couple of weeks.

Burke seems to be the one man in the Dempsey camp who can keep going. The writer thinks Burke has a chance of becoming a great fighter if he can learn certain things besides mere fighting.

Burke gets very angry when he is boxing with Dempsey. At Great Falls the writer noticed Burke's lips moving as he boxed with the champion. Getting close to the ring, we heard Burke calling Dempsey bitter names. At first Dempsey was astonished at Burke's temerity. Now when Burke gets mad and begins "cussing" Dempsey, the champion merely grins. Burke is a good hitter with his right hand and can take a strong punching.

Dempsey himself once served as a sparring partner. He was a member of Rufe Cameron's camp out in Pocatello, Ida., years ago when Cameron, a negro, was training for an engagement.

Dempsey has often told the writer how Cameron punched him around. He says Rufe seemed to take keen delight in slaming him. Cameron was in later years an attache of the camp of Frank Moran, the Pittsburgh pugilist, but was little known around the east.

In his day, old Bob Armstrong was one of the greatest sparring partners in the heavyweight division. Bob was as good in the gymnasium as George Godfrey, and was beyond Godfrey in his ability to instruct young boxers.

Bob served with several different champions, including Jeffries. He has attached himself to Dempsey's camp, but Bob is past the day when he could work as a sparring mate to a young fellow like Dempsey.

Jack Thompson, who has fought well many times, was another great man in a training camp, rugged, willing. He served with Dempsey at various times, but apparently Jack, too, has outlived his usefulness in that respect. Perhaps Jack no longer desires making a human punching bag of himself.

Seattle, Wash., Aug. 24.—Flord Johnson, Iowa heavyweight, has been signed for a bout in Tacoma Labor day. Johnny Pope, Tacoma boxing promoter, announced here. Pope said that he had engaged an opponent for Johnson, but was considering Frank Farmer and Sam Langford.

At the present time Coach Chet Wynne is attending the school for coaches at Notre Dame, conducted by Coach Knute Rockne.

Burgess Bedtime Stories

By THORNTON W. BURGESS.

Concetti's a bubble that is fatid to burst when everous inflated. —Old Mother Nature.

The Blessed Old Stone Wall.

The old stone wall with the bushes growing along it on the edge of the Old Orchard is a blessed place. At least that is the way the little people of the Green Meadows and the Green Forest think of it. In its time it has saved the lives of many, many little people. Probably no other place anywhere has seen so many narrow escapes as the old stone wall. Peter Rabbit, Striped Chipmunk, Chatterer the Red Squirrel, Happy Jack the Gray Squirrel, Johnny and Polly Chuck, Danny and Nanny Meadow Mouse, and the children of all these have learned to call that old stone wall blessed.

The young Chuck who had run away to see the Great World is one of these. It saved his life the very first time he saw it. He had turned the corner of Farmer Brown's barn and come face to face with Black Pussy the Cat. With his back to the barn, he had made himself look very fierce and dangerous, although all the time he was frightened nearly to death. Black Pussy had been bluffed. Yes, sir, she had been bluffed. She actually had been afraid to pounce on him.

The young Chuck watched Black Pussy out of sight. Then he himself started on. He was all puffed up. Yes, sir, he was all puffed up. He felt very big and bold and brave. He forgot all about the fact that he had been so badly frightened.

"I'm not afraid of anything," boasted the young Chuck to himself. "That Cat was twice as big as me, but she was afraid of me. I would like to see any one try to scare me now. I would show them! Yes, sir, I would show them that they can't frighten me!"

He was so busy with his boastful thoughts that he didn't even take the trouble to look for possible danger. So he didn't see Bowser the Hound come around the corner of the barn. He was only a little more than half way to the Old Orchard when Bowser saw him. Bowser opened his mouth and let out his big voice in what, to the young Chuck, was the most dreadful noise he ever had heard. He looked back. All he saw was a great mouth filled with the most awful looking teeth, and from that great mouth was coming that dreadful noise.



The only thing he could do was to run until he was caught.

The young Chuck forgot that he was big and bold and brave and afraid of nothing. It seemed to him that his heart actually turned right over with fright. My, you should have seen his legs go! But a young Chuck's legs are short, and though he may make them go very fast, he cannot get over the ground as such long legs as those of Bowser the Hound can. The worst part of it was the young Chuck knew of no place to go. The only thing he could do was to run until he was caught.

The great jaws of Bowser were almost at the tip of the young Chuck's tail when he came to the old stone wall. Fortunately for him there was an opening between two big stones just in front of him. He dived into it, and he heard Bowser's jaws snap together just as he pulled his tail in after him. Once more he was safe! But he no longer felt big and bold and brave and fearless and boastful. So it was that the young Chuck

learned to call the old stone wall blessed.

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The next story: "The Young Chuck Finds a Friend."

Adele Garrison "My Husband's Love"

Reason Mother Graham "Took All the Blame."
"There!" said Katherine, at last, in a hushed whisper. "I think we're safe for the rest of the night."

She, Mother Graham and I, were gazing down at Junior, sleeping peacefully for the first time since the horrible croup spasms had seized him. We had fought the malady until we were all exhausted, the little figure in the crib being the most worn out of all. He appeared to have lost much weight, so white and worn was his little face, but he was curled up in a natural attitude and his fingers always his wont when healthfully sleeping.

"I don't think he will have another attack," Katherine went on. "How do you know?" I interrupted, also in a whisper. "I don't," she retorted, smiling wanly. "But I have a hunch."
"That's good enough for me," I returned, for I have had experience

of Katherine's "hunches" on sick people.

Mother Graham added the weight of her experience to Katherine's. "I think he is safe for the rest of the night," she said, and then to my horrified surprise she sank heavily into a chair and began to weep, with great sobs shaking her.

Katherine and I exchanged comprehending glances, and I bent over with my hand upon her shoulder. "You are all worn out, Mother," I said tenderly. "I'll close the window in my room and switch on the electric heater until it's thoroughly warm, so you won't get chilled, and then you must lie down in there and go to sleep. Katherine and I will take turns watching Junior."

"It is My Punishment."
She shook her head in sorrowful dissent. Katherine, watching her closely, gave me a significant nod and slipped out of the room. I knew that she would attend to the preparation of my room for Mother Graham and was not surprised when she returned with a tiny glass containing a colorless liquid.

Katherine put the glass into my hand and I held it to my mother-in-law's lips. She drank it obediently, but her tears did not cease, and presently she caught hold of my dress, murmuring "What nonsense is this, Mother?"

I said with the sternness which I knew was the duty weapon to use in the face of her hysteria. "Nobody is to blame, and he's all right. Come and lie down until my room is warm. I helped her to her feet, and she leaned against me heavily. Then, to my surprise—for my mother-in-law is never very demonstrative, except to her beloved "Richard Second"—she put her shaking old arms around me and clung to me wildly.

A Sensible Suggestion.
"You don't know," she said. "I tried to make myself believe every-body else was to blame, but his running out and getting lost this afternoon was nobody's fault but my own. He was with me all the time, unless his baby heart"—she choked again—"and I was so taken up with that pesky cleaning that I didn't miss him until too late to stop him. And—that isn't all."

She stopped, took a deep breath, and straightened herself in my arms, putting her hands on my shoulders. "I—haven't made things as easy for you about the child as I might, Margaret," she said, "and I've stuck to my own way of taking care of him when I knew you had altogether different ideas. And then tonight, it wasn't enough for me to let him get away in the first place, but—I was so tired that I slept too soundly, and never knew he had kicked off all his coverings until his coughing awakened me. His clothes were

cold and damp when I took hold of him."

I had noticed the same thing when I had gathered Junior into my arms, and I shivered involuntarily as I glimpsed the possibilities of serious illness following such a chilling. But I held my mother-in-law closer, and spoke with cheery decision.

"You are exaggerating things, Mother. Any one of us might have let him out, and no one knows better than I how hard it is to keep him covered. I don't blame you in the least and you must stop blaming yourself."
"Pardon me," said Katherine crisply, but in the whispered undertone we were all using, "but surely you know, Mother Graham, that this attack of the croup might have come upon him if he hadn't been subjected to exposure at all. But he needs rest and quiet. The sooner we all get settled down the better for him, and he needs all the air there is. If you'll just stay here until the other

room gets warmed for you, Madge and I will go down and have Katie make each of us a cup of coffee. I could do with a couple of cups very nicely just now."

Sick Cat No Excuse for Speeding, Ruling of Los Angeles Judge

Los Angeles, Aug. 24.—Haste to take a sick cat to a veterinary is no excuse for breaking the speed laws, Police Judge George S. Richardson informed Mrs. Frances Howe when she was taken before him for speeding. He sentenced her to 90 days in jail and suspended sentence for two years on condition she does not again violate traffic laws.

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